2505

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. XIV. No. 13. NEW YORK, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1903. Whole No. 375.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The latest accession to the ranks of the Whitman imitators is George D. Herron. At this stage, as a rule, the good writer becomes indifferent, and the indifferent intolerable.

When a regular writer for the so-called Anarchist-Communist paper, "Le Libertaire," defines Anarchy as "a society in which there will be the minimum of Communism and the maximum of individualism," I begin to believe that some good will come out of Nazareth, after all.

Another hen has been sitting on a duck's egg. President Hall, of Clark University, who used to believe in coeducation, no longer believes in it, experience having convinced him that it hinders marriage. The fact that coeducation has a tendency to discourage marriage tells against it in quite the same way that the ability to swim tells against a duckling.

Austrian courts have decided that marriages between Catholics and persons of no particular creed are invalid. From an Anarchistic point of view, not a bad idea. Anything that makes it more difficult for freethinkers to secure wives will have a tendency to make freethinkers free lovers also. At present too many of them are bigoted authoritarians in their view of sexual relationships.

When Judge George Gray was asked a few weeks ago to serve on the board of arbitration to settle the local differences between the Alabama coal operators and the miners, it was announced with a great flourish, first, that he could not accept, and, a little later, that he had decided to accept, though he must sacrifice his vacation to do so. He made the sacrifice, and got four thousand dollars for his job. Such opportunities for sacrifice are coveted by not a few. Arbitration is certainly a good thing for some.

One of Liberty's subscribers, Dr. M. W. Wilcox, of Guthrie, Okla., is justly indignant over the declaration of C. L. James in "Free Society" that Proudhon was a Catholic and that Bakounine was not a materialist. But why pay the slightest attention to the statements of a man who discovered some time ago that Karl Marx was an Anarchist? When, in addition to these three items of biographical misinformation, Mr. James shall have confided to the world that Stirner was an altruist, that Schopenhauer was an optimist, that Ibsen favors the subjection of women, that Henry George was not a traitor, that William Jennings Bryan is a goldbug, that Theodore Roosevelt is no actor, and that he himself is an honest man, he will have placed to his discredit at least ten whacking lies, and perhaps then we will make a cross.

Theodore Roosevelt, whom Tom Reed admired chiefly because of his rediscovery of the Ten Commandments, has also discovered that "Anarchy is now, as it always has been, the forerunner of tyranny." Of course, as long as progress is effected, as for a long time it must be, by a series of reactions between liberty and authority, it will be true that Anarchy is the forerunner of tyranny, and that tyranny is equally the forerunner of Anarchy. Anarchy is the forerunner of tyranny in precisely the same sense that the liberty acquired by the negro in 1863 has proved the forerunner of peonage and lynching. But Roosevelt has rather damaged his reputation as a Columbus by discovering further that "mob violence is simply one form of Anarchy." This is just the reverse of the truth. Mob violence is simply one form of Archy, and the army violence for which Roosevelt stands is simply another form of Archy. The two are very close relations, whereas Anarchy belongs to quite another family. The only Anarchistic form of co-operative violence is that of voluntary co-operation for defence. Mob violence is voluntary co-operation for offence, and army violence is compulsory co-operation for offence and defence.

In the labor injunction case of certain telegraph operators against the Western Union Telegraph Company, Judge Rogers, of the United States Circuit Court, sitting in St. Louis, decided that the company has the absolute right to dismiss employees because they belong to the union, or for any other reason; that a like right exists on the part of the employee to sever his relations with the company for any cause, or without cause; that there could be no conspiracy to commit a lawful act; and that the company had the right to maintain a list on which might be placed the name of a discharged employee and the cause of discharge, which list might be given to others, provided its contents were truthful and its circulation honest. This is perfectly sound doctrine, and, though nominally rendered against laborers, is really a great victory for labor, if it shall know how to take advantage of it. But I am curious to see what Mr. Hugo Bilgram will think about it. Unless he shall denounce this judicial upholding of the blacklist with the same vehemence that he exhibited in his denunciation of Liberty's upholding of the boycott, it will be a fair inference that his opposition to the boycott is nothing more than the expression of an employer's bias. But, if he does denounce the court's decision, it will be plain that at least one court in the United States understands liberty better than Mr. Bilgram understands it.

Duplicates Barred.

["Life."]

"My mamma belongs to eighteen societies."
"Well, my mamma belongs to nineteen."
"Yes, but three of the societies your mamma belongs to are for the suppression of the same thing."

The Angelic State.

["The Individualist."]

"At the present time the University of Edinburgh was seriously considering the question of the granting of a degree in veterinary science. In London there was a similar movement, and ... the Universities of Glasgow and Dublin would sooner or later confer similar degrees. Such degrees would stamp the veterinary surgeon of the future as a man of education, and he (Professor Owen Williams) hoped that the universities would receive government grants for the purpose."—*London Times.*

"Men are talking," said the rabbit,
as he slowly wagged his ears,
"Soon of making it the habit
that the Commons and the Peers
Should grant money for the teaching
how to cure us when we ail,
How to stop a dog from retching,
how to make a donkey hale."

"Has this really been suggested?"
asked a calf, whose gentle eyes
On his small informant rested,
with incredulous surprise;
"Then mankind must be angelic,
though accused of many crimes."
Said the rabbit: "'Tis authentic,
for I read it in the 'Times'."

Long they talked, these poor relations,
of their richer brother's plan,
Of the State and its creations—
of the nobleness of man;
Till a night-owl said with sorrow:
"Do you call these humans kind?
Foolish beasts, you'll have to-morrow
ample cause to change your mind."

. . . . . .

Times are changed; our calf confiding,
once as sprightly as a nymph,
Now in martyrdom is writhing;
for the State must have its "lymph."
And the rabbit, vivisected,
cries: "Alas! it is too late
That I see I'm not protected,
but abandoned, by the State."

Lawrence Nelson.

Liberty.

Published Monthly; One Year, 60 Cents; Two Years, $1.00; Single Copies, 5 Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 43.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box 1312, New York.

NEW YORK, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1903.

Entered December 3, 1902, at New York, N. Y., as second-class matter, under act of congress of March 3, 1879.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Questions of Tactics.

Before my article on "Publicity for Anarchism" was in type, I received a long letter on tactics from a Boston comrade. He wishes I would discuss certain points in Liberty "without referring to this scrawl." He should have said less that was worth saying, then; but I will reduce his letter to scraps and sprinkle in comments, if that will gratify him at all.

He lays his foundation this way:

> The Latin races have been accused of being "geometrical reasoners" and of pushing logic to excess. We are dealing with a race that distrusts logic in politics.....The English-speaking race loves half-measures, expediency of the moment, temporizing and compromise, in politics especially. It hates deductive reasoning and all appeals to general principles. The editor of the New York "Evening Post" recently wrote: "We prefer to take each case on its merits in politics"—this in criticism of an individualist whom it classed as "too doctrinaire."
>
> Such being the material we have to work on, how do we go to work? We start with axioms to us, but, because axioms, hateful to the American expediency-philosophy of politics; then, by a most formal, logical deduction—another horror to the Anglo-Saxon in politics—we proceed to show him all the things distasteful to his shibboleths, his political traditions, and his prejudices, which inevitably follow if he accepts our premises. I say "we proceed to show him." We do, but he isn't even listening. As if it wasn't hard enough to push doctrines contrary to all racial training, we must do so in the manner best fitted to shock his racial philosophy.

He wants to start with axioms in tactics as well as in politics, you see. He must look out that he does not bring our camp into disorder with his axioms. Not to call in the Anarchist-Communist sage who is vociferating in "Free Society" that all Anarchistic progress must rest upon inductive methods,—and who, in his present "Vindication of Anarchism," illustrates inductive methods by introducing an important and unlikely statement with the words "My reader will believe without proof,"—some of our friends who are most devoted to the jury system will say that "to take each case on its merits" is precisely what they are after; and indeed it strikes me that sacred Egoism itself is pretty nearly an "each case on its merits" foundation, or at least looks like such in its application.* This, however, is beside my comrade's point; he is not arguing that we will be deductive, but that Brother Jonathan will not; and this seems to be the fact. And it is furthermore the fact that some of our Anarchist agitators work in just the way he describes. Starting from some principle which to them is fundamental, but for which the public may care very little in these days when patriotic Americans openly despise the Declaration of Independence, they deduce from it a lot of conclusions which, to the average man's mind, merely discredit their principle. Remember that the only effect of a correct logical deduction is to put you face to face with a choice—either reject the premises or accept the conclusion; and the man in the street knows logic enough to realize in practical matters that he has that choice. If you think he will always accept the conclusion, you are fooled. To make your deduction effective, you must keep before him the whole matter—premise and conclusion together—in such an aspect that it looks to him more acceptable than its denial. The way to do this is to build on appropriate concrete facts rather than on abstractions. Tell a man that a certain prosecution is an outrage on free speech, and he will want to get away from the bore. Tell him that under this law various persons are punished for publishing absolutely unobjectionable matter (have your details ready; generalizations are not noticeably more effective than abstractions), that the law is being used for purposes at variance with its supposed intent, that under this law one might be convicted for printing almost anything, that the law works so uncertainly as to punish a man severely in one court for what another court has declared to be lawful, that this prosecution is an attempt to injure a philanthropist for circulating information which many of the law's warmest friends think ought to be circulated,—and you make an impression. You not only make your particular point, but you confirm him in the habit of distrusting laws against free speech. For the practical influence of these generalities is a matter of habit rather than principle.

So my man goes on:

> We should think less of making our addresses beautiful pieces of logical reasoning and more of the muddled pates of those to whom they are addressed. We need not be illogical—the art is to conceal the art. There is much in form. Instead of pointing out all sorts of things, distasteful to a prejudiced people, that will inevitably follow if they are logical, we should point out all the inconsistencies and stupidities that arise in politics because they are not logical. We do this latter, to be sure. But we do too much of the former. When we do point out the inconsistencies, then is the chance to call attention to the need of consistent thinking. Our philosophical method is even more unpopular than our theory. If we are to get a hearing at all, we must first vindicate the method. And we can only do so by making the vindication of the method at least as prominent as the exposition of the theory, *and separate from it.* We should even discuss the question of the necessity of logical thinking in politics as an abstract question, aside from all unpopular implications. This would not be to the American taste precisely, but, if done with the proper touch, it would be of great service.

Write that first sentence on a card, and tack it up on the wall. The man who tries to write a good letter or make a good speech will not come to much.* The man who tries to convince somebody of the truth needs to keep in mind, not how muddled his addressees are,—this will simply muddle himself,—but the lines which thought follows in the addressee's mind. Think of the muddled pate, not the muddledness of the pate.

As to adding a propaganda of deductive method—it can at any rate do no harm. Anything that makes anybody more appreciative of any kind of logic is helpful. But as to the effectiveness of such a propaganda—would it not be easier to get Anarchy first, and a race of logicians afterward, rather than *vice versa?*

It is no bad test of truth that it can be equally well supported by deduction or induction, by abstract or concrete considerations. Out of these we may choose whatever form will be most effective. We may bring our principles into practical domination as habits while men are by no means rendering logical allegiance to them. And sticking to the concrete is a useful rudder to our deduction, which easily runs into fallacies otherwise. The man who practises the most logical method is not always the one who has and acquires the most logical system of ideas. Still, I think a successful propaganda of deductive politics would be very wholesome for America just now.

> The Socialists edge along with their great "if that, why not this?" argument. We should imitate them in method and tactics; they are certainly gaining. We should show the trimmers and the believers in half-measures and hand-to-mouth politics that the Socialists are logical, and that coercive Socialism is the inevitable end if the trimmers continue on their present course. We should frighten them into a reaction by showing them what they are coming to. They are pretty well frightened now. They are beginning to try to think. We should take advantage of this reaction against Socialism now beginning, and, remembering the wretched stuff we have to work on, lead the public in our direction. When the reaction really comes, they will stop piling up Socialistic coercive legislation,—that is, if the Socialists don't grow to a majority. Then is the time to suggest taking down some of the bricks in the legislative wall, and then some more; and, if you took off "that, why not this?" Ask them to take down the whole wall, or too big a chunk of it, at once, and you frighten them into maintaining the status existing.

"If that, why not this" is not the Socialists' aggressive argument; it is their defence against the logical man—for there is, after all, much more appealing to logic in American politics than my comrade recognizes. The Socialist makes his attack with an each-case-on-its-merits argument, even when he makes one statement do for all the cases. (The system of Marxian principles, or anything of that sort, is mostly esoteric among American Socialists; so far as it

* On the contrary, most Egoists and the most intelligent Egoists are doctrinaire. They regard rules of conduct as useful, indispensable, and of the highest importance. But they think that every rule has its exceptions, save the rule of Egoism itself, which is constant, absolute, and inviolable, and in that sense even sacred, if you will. Truth, liberty, justice,—in the main and in the long run the world depends on these; but there are moments in the world's history when it depends on the opposite of these.—EDITOR.

* It is equally true that the man who thinks and talks constantly about methods is very apt to use no methods at all; while many a man who never mentions methods uses all the decent methods there are, whenever occasion arises. As a rule, each worker uses the methods best suited to himself. If the inductionist likes induction, let him practise it, and let the deductionist alone.—EDITOR.

is exoteric, its effect is to be classed as decorative.) The conservative man meets this attack with deductive logic. But, since consistency is essential to deduction, conservative deduction is foredoomed, because things as they are are so wofully inconsistent. Analogy can always flank it by showing that any given logical principle is incompatible with some part of the existing order, and so must be given up by the defenders of that order.

A real imitation of Socialist tactics would consist in getting up an agitation, big enough to call public attention, for some concrete action —say to repeal the State bank tax, or the Comstock law, or the tariff, or the patent law, or something. By having a concrete proposition with a supposed prospect of action, we should get attention which we do not get now. Then, if any one charged us with disloyalty to any accepted principle, we could explode the if-that-why-not-this torpedo with effect. Any one who can start us in such an agitation will have my hearty thanks. The nearest thing we have to it —and consequently, as my correspondent says, our strongest tactical position—is our opposition to the Socialist proposals. But a defensive agitation is naturally weaker, as propaganda, than an aggressive one.

And, to make matters still worse, we take a name —euphonic—perfect in etymology—but so thoroughly discredited that the mere mention of it closes nearly all ears to argument. Which is the more important, the name or the principles? A man might want to start a peculiar society; but because the Greek word for peculiar happens to be *idios* he would hardly choose well if he called himself and his associates idiots.

The field is free to anybody who thinks he can do better Anarchist agitation without the name. But I notice that those who avoid the name are apt to do very little distinctively Anarchistic agitation. Their talk simmers down to supporting the milder side in the existing order. It is only among the Tolstoians that you get downright Anarchist work without the label. And even they have to assent when some enemy pastes it on them.

The fact is that, if you mean the whole hog, there are great difficulties in dropping the label. Aside from the value of association with a known movement, which is something even though the movement be "discredited," it is our only defence against the "if that, why not this?" A man is presumed loyal to the existing order if he does not declare himself against it. Consequently, if he agitates for anything on grounds which would upset the whole social order, he is presumed (by those who see logical relations, who ought to be our best targets) to be inconsistent, and ready to admit the invalidity of his own grounds if he can be made to see his inconsistency. The only way to show that we are logical, and that we, serious men, hold these principles with knowledge of what they mean, is to tell how far we mean to go. Also, the label itself is thought-provoking.

Among the tactical features of the campaign by which Christianity grew from nothing to dominate the civilized world so quickly, I hardly know a more notable one than the fundamental statement "He who denies me before men shall be denied before my Father and the angels," and the steadiness of the persecuted churches in rejecting those who, under whatever compulsion of terror, had disavowed the Christian name. It paid, apparently. The movement was stronger without such comrades. Yet they may have been very lovable people in many ways.

I have had several articles in the "Transcript" as strong in principle as the stomachs of the readers could hold. Then I sent the enclosed article, which does not contain one word about individualism. I had previously ridiculed the use of the words "doctrinaire," "negative," "academic," "not practical," "pessimistic," in an article calling for consistent thinking in politics and called "Our Cowardly Thinking." Not a word about individualism in it, still less "Anarchism." But this sentence in it had intention: "In politics, the personnel—with praiseworthy exceptions—is what might be expected from the philosophy."

The enclosed clipping might have been written by a believer in existing social conditions. It was designed to call attention to the inconsistencies that result from the lack of logical thinking in politics and to discredit the legislature. I simply present the case from their own viewpoint and show what happens when they don't think in politics.

The article he encloses is a fine exemplification of the methods he pleads for. Treating of the harmless question whether State legislatures should try to instruct congressmen, it is well adapted to promote distrust of the legislature, and to point out a series of palpable evils which are likely to follow from a bit of each-case-on-its-merits policy that looked as if it was all right. It is not faultless; it has the weaknesses of the average newspaper letter; but it is the work of a man who knew what effect he meant to produce, and who sighted his gun accurately at the mark. Such articles are valuable. Yet I do not think they could bring us much nearer to actual Anarchy, except by coöperating with the avowed Anarchist movement.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

The Senile State.

Institutions that no longer possess utility become positive hindrances to social progress. Observation shows that the most overwhelming evidence of decay and incapacity dramatically presented to a whole nation will fail to destroy a system which forms an organic part of the structure of government.

The late Boer war, to say nothing of events nearer our own doors, has thrown some interesting sidelights upon official methods of conducting affairs of prime importance. Sporadic commissions of inquiry—the State's feeble method of correcting its own follies—have sat upon the heavy crop of departmental bungling which the conduct of the war brought to light. In no branch of government are life and property so much at the mercy of official incapacity as in the war department; consequently in no branch were found evils so glaring, or incompetence so egregious.

Reports of the commissions abundantly demonstrate the complete failure of government as a business organization. No matter how bad the bungling or how great the consequent suffering, we find an utter lack of personal responsibility for all official acts. The system is welded together with a multiplicity of useless regulations, reënforced by blind, unreasoning adherence to them under all circumstances.

It is commonly believed that under free political institutions, comprising manhood suffrage and representative government, the majority of the males, at least once in a while, have a voice, however weak, in national affairs. It is supposed that the chief departments of State are carried on under the personal guidance and supervision of responsible ministers. But in England cabinet ministers are merely figureheads. (Of course it is different in the United States; here each cabinet officer is the whole thing.) The real business of government is performed by permanent officials, of whom the minister is simply the mouthpiece. Under the system it cannot be otherwise. He comes in and goes out with the party tide; they go on forever. He knows little or nothing of the details of the work; they know nothing but the details. Policies are originated, treaties made, raiding or punitive expeditions against the heathen sent out, the most momentous decisions arrived at, by these potentates of the desk.

> Stick to your desk and never go to sea
> If you want to be a ruler of the Queen's Navee

was more than a Gilbert jingle. Premier Balfour once urged as an argument for his educational bill, which decentralized the school administration and placed it in the hands of local clericals, the necessity of taking away educational affairs from the "hide-bound rules and regulations of the officials at Whitehall."

J. Byers Moxwell, writing in the August "Nineteenth Century," says: "These civil servants, having their hands on the machinery, have become the real rulers of the country." In the same article, on "Officials and Inefficiency," he says: "In all departments, though the voice is that of the minister, the hand is that of the official." Again: "They decide how towns shall be governed, how much food shall be given to the paupers, how commerce shall be regulated, what ships shall be built for the nation, what drill exercises scholars shall have, whether a murderer shall be hanged, how the money voted by parliament shall be spent, what taxes shall be imposed..."

Doubtless a forceful character, like Chamberlain, succeeds in imposing something of himself on his subordinates, but even Gladstone, we are told, could not move a permanent official out of his ruts. The system compels the minister to assume the responsibility for every act of his subordinates. When he replies to questions in parliament, he reads the answers they prepare for him. When a mistake or blunder is brought to light, which may have cost millions or the lives of many men, the perpetrator never suffers; his name is not even divulged. This secrecy accords with the etiquette of the system.

The genius of the official lies in inventing rules that inconvenience the public and harass those who must do the work. Sir W. F. Butler, before the commission of decentralization, testified in regard to the fire in Dover Castle: "The reports and certificates demanded by the authorities in London with regard to the prevention of the fire were of the most satisfactory character. Everybody had done his duty. The place was burned strictly according to regulations." In another place he said: "The principle is that

it is better to lose one hundred pounds strictly according to regulations then to save ten by the exercise of independent judgment."

This, of course, is in effete monarchical England. Red tape does not rule the official mind here. Yet it recalls a recent experience I had with the quartermaster of the United States army. I received a letter from him, officially asking me to quote a price for an inexpensive article of daily use, of which the fort was in need. Later I learned that the order to supply the article in question had not been given, because the officials at Washington to whom the matter was, according to rule, referred, had not yet, after several months, passed on the matter of allowing the expenditure.

Innumerable useless reports must be made (in England) to the bureau officials by men of action in every branch of the service. Even generals in the field must spend hours daily in this all-important labor.

The supremacy of British red tape is neatly shown in the case of the Devonshire postman who was sternly rebuked for having used his own pony at his own cost while delivering letters. Certain postmen are officially allowed to ride, but he was a *walking* postman and must on no account presume to ride.

At the government arsenal they had for years been throwing away the ashes from the brass foundries, until a gleam of economic light inspired the authorities to sell the refuse for 3s. 4d. a ton; but, finally being told by a policeman that the ashes were worth more, these business experts obtained five to seven pounds a ton.

Before a parliamentary commission in 1898 Lieut. Col. Churchill, of the army pay department, admitted that his fourteen subordinate clerks cost the country more than two thousand pounds a year, while he did not think the country gained a penny from their work.

Government employs experts in all branches, but renders their superior knowledge nugatory by making them subject to the authority of officials possessing no technical qualifications, who habitually overrule those who have. Ministers, while defending all acts of their subordinates, never confess a fault. Their chief resource, when attacked, is to lie, lie, lie.

The remedy proposed by the writer above quoted is more frequent official inquiries. Yet, when such are held, the revelations "have astonished all men." Their reports bristle with "regulations that only the least progressive nations [Britain and America, to wit] would tolerate, carelessness that baffles the mind, orders suited to a comic opera." Like many other sincere men desirous of reforming the body politic, he fails to grasp the true meaning of the symptoms he has discovered. They are inherent in the very nature of the political State at its present stage of development. They are not peculiar to one form of government, nor to any single country. They are symptoms of decay.

Some of these abuses, so patent to every intelligent inquirer in democratic England, may be duplicated in the admittedly worn-out governing system of the Celestial empire. The worst evils of despotic rule in Russia can often be matched by injustice and crime committed by and in the name of the glorious republic of which we are all so proud.

It is unnecessary here to advert to the strenuous Augean cleansing now in process in our post office, with poor Payne in the role of Hercules. Nor need we pause to examine the latest disclosures in regard to defrauding the Indians of their lands. To recall the embalmed beef and other villainies of officialdom during the Spanish-American war, or the persecution of Miles for exposing departmental rascality, would now be tiresome. The evidence from all sources demonstrates that no change in personnel, however drastic, no modification of rules and regulations, will give us that dream of the reformers, a pure and efficient administration of public affairs. Whether the form of government be despotic or democratic, or a popular blend of the two, the same bungling, inefficiency, and fraud inevitably appear.

In every case powerful cliques and class interests dictate the laws that are made. They are administered, interpreted, and enforced by an organized band of irresponsible officials, whose chief aim is to maintain and perpetuate their position. Stupid, sordid, and arrogant, they are in office to get what they can out of it. Creatures of a system they cannot change, and would not if they could, they are, after all, neither better nor worse than the majority of their fellows outside, who willingly support the system.

The weakness is in the thing itself, in the very nature of government. Its essence is the power of man over man, artifical, coercive, irresponsible power. The abuses, corruption, and fraud that go hand in hand with such power are inseparable from it. Every day the symptoms of servility in our political institutions become more manifest. They have survived their usefulness, even though centuries may elapse before this discovery is acted upon.

WILLIAM BAILIE.

"Representative" Government.

Italian newspapers sometimes intimate that the Maltese speak Italian or are Italians, but much oftener they say that Malta belongs to the Italian—power. That is to say, "of right,"—of the right which is not at present might. Whether there will be any Italian power when reason shall be right and might is a question which does not occur to them. It would be a stretch for the burgher imagination, of any nationality, to entertain even the limited ideal that a small island belongs "of right" to its inhabitants collectively, sorry substitute as this is for the ideal of individual liberty and possession.

The British newspapers state that the Maltese dialect is compounded chiefly of Arabic, "but has always been considered too imperfect for legal or professional use;" that "the native Maltese are not a European race, and have never been a part of any continental people. They constitute in every sense a separate and miniature nationality of their own."

It was thought by both the British authorities and the elected members of the Maltese council that either English or else Italian must be used in the courts and taught in the schools. The elected members had a majority, and they have stood lately for making the study of Italian compulsory in the public schools. So now the British government, after having governed without the consent of the elected members, through a peculiar clause in the constitution, has amended the constitution, and thereby reduced the number of elected members from thirteen to eight, and increased the appointed members from six to nine. On the face of such a statement it seems that representative government has been simply suppressed, and that merely a talking representation is continued in the council. However, when we reflect that representative government in Europe is not even professedly universal suffrage, but is done by the property-qualification vote of a minority of the inhabitants, we need not flatter ourselves that we have reached any true idea regarding where the greater misrule lies when civic authorities clash, and such a seemingly gruff overriding of the "popular will" occurs.

It is not improbable that Italian property-owners have counted for much more than their numerical relation to the rest of the inhabitants, the less thrifty Maltese. It is declared by the "Yorkshire Herald" that a preference for the English language over Italian "has been expressed by ninety per cent. of the parents." That English newspaper adds: "It is gratifying to think that the government will now be able to give effect to the popular choice."

Oh! where are we when we talk of "representative government"? Surely governments always represent those who govern. Masks off when it comes to the exercise of force.

TAK KAK.

The "Times" and the Militia.

Taking as text the fact that the militia did not fire on the Evansville rioters until after they had lynched the negro the rioters were after, (1) a periodical with Liberty for title and published in this city—its very existence, we fear, will be for the first time revealed to many by these lines (2)—manages to work itself up into quite a little passion against those who believe in and defend the National Guard from its anarchical foes. "Suppose, now," says Liberty, "that instead of a mob of infuriated whites bent on hanging a negro who had done them no wrong, this had been a mob of infuriated workmen bent on hanging a capitalist who had done them a very real and grievous wrong. Is any one knave enough to believe that in that case the militia would have waited till the capitalist was hanged before opening fire on the mob? And yet the New York 'Times' and the other daily papers have the assurance to tell workingmen that the militia exists not to protect capital against labor, but to preserve law and order, and that, in refusing to join it, they show themselves lacking in patriotism." This is one of the curious arguments that begin with an assumption of the conclusion, so of course it is unanswerable, but, also of course, the conclusion remains to be proved. (3) When the militia does more than preserve law and order, it will have become something very different from a citizen soldiery. As there seems to be no chance of its becoming that different something, there is little reason for elaborate preparation for the change.—*New York Times.*

(1) One would judge from this extraordinary sentence that the militia lynched the negro the rioters were after, though the fact is that the rioters lynched, not a negro whom they were after, but a negro who happened to come along. At that moment any old negro would have suited their purpose. This, apropos of the "Times's" English, and simply by the way.

(2) Undoubtedly true. But it is also true that the name of Liberty will figure in history when that of the "Times" shall have been for-

gotten. All the same, Liberty thanks the "Times" for the gratuitous advertisement. To reciprocate, as soon as I can afford it, I shall insert a paid advertisement of Liberty in the columns of the "Times," thus exploiting the "Times's" present prosperity in the interest of Liberty's coming glory.

(3) It cannot be denied that my argument began with an assumption. But obviously it was not addressed to "any one knave enough"—I said "naïve enough," but, as the "Times" prefers knave to naïve, I accept the amendment—to dispute the assumption. Only as great a knave as the "Times" could dispute it, and by any one less knavish than the "Times" the argument, as the "Times" admits, is unanswerable. Enough said. T.

Logic and Common Sense.

To my paragraph of some months ago criticising my friend Ernest Crosby for opposing violence and at the same time abetting the State, he answers, in his interesting and illogical journal, the "Whim" (if you wish a sample copy, address P. O. Box 288, Newark, N. J.), that he pleads guilty and alleges extenuating circumstances. These circumstances are the remorse that he felt after declining to vote in 1896, and the happiness that he felt after voting for Bryan in 1900. But all the doers of violence whom Mr. Crosby so persistently denounces can offer the same plea. Mr. McKinley undoubtedly felt supremely happy in pursuing the policy which Mr. Crosby is fond of characterizing as "island-stealing and manslaughter." If to do the things that one feels happy in doing is a good excuse, why has Mr. Crosby never given Mr. McKinley the benefit of it?

"We preach logic and practise common sense," further answers Mr. Crosby, "for the secret of sane living is to go on compromising while shouting 'No compromise'." Yes, I remember very well and very painfully that a couple of years ago, when a young man by the name of Czolgosz, who "preached logic,"—that is to say, who dreamed, as Mr. Crosby dreams, of a time when violence shall be no more,—also "practised common sense,"—that is to say, resorted, as Mr. Crosby resorts, to violence when it made him happy to do so,—Mr. Crosby, who preaches not only logic, but also universal love, ignored this other gospel too, and adhered to his practice of common sense by promptly joining the snarling human pack and denouncing Czolgosz as "a perverted wretch." Yet the offence of this young man, who compromised his logical ideal by shooting McKinley as Mr. Crosby continually compromises his logical ideal by voting for invasive laws, consisted simply in a discovery of Mr. Crosby's "secret of sane living." Why should Mr. Crosby exhaust the vocabulary of hatred in describing the conduct of those who share his secret? And, on the other hand, why should I put questions such as these to Mr. Crosby? Nothing can embarrass a man who "preaches logic and practises common sense."

But, declares Mr. Crosby, "all of us, Tucker included," do the same. If, by that, he means simply to say with the apostle that "all men are liars" and that no man of high ideals lives up to their level, I admit it at once, and confess myself a liar with the rest. But, if he means to say that any civic act of mine, performed not in my private interest but in furtherance of my public teaching, conflicts with that teaching, I call upon him for proof.

I think that Mr. Crosby fails to recognize the real distinction between preaching and practice. Every act that a man performs in furtherance of his public ideals is, properly, a part of his preaching. Tom L. Johnson, ardent free trader, has grown rich partly through protective tariffs, but has always voted against such tariffs. In deriving his income from privilege his practice is at variance with his preaching, and he is a liar in the sense in which "all men are liars." But, if he were to vote for privilege, professing to be really combating privilege by so doing, that act would be a part of his preaching, and would create an inconsistency, not between his practice and his preaching, but between one part of his preaching and another; and this latter form of inconsistency is much the graver and more dangerous of the two, because it tends to the confusion of the public mind.

I have never criticised Mr. Crosby's practice, first, because it is a matter of comparatively little moment, and, second, because it is none of my business. But I do criticise his preaching, and pronounce it an extraordinary network of inconsistencies; and this I do, first, because it is part of my business as a public teacher to analyze the teachings of others, and, second, because it is a matter of very great moment whether a man of Mr. Crosby's influence promulgates truth at one moment and error at the next, to the bewilderment of those whom he attempts to guide, or promulgates the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, thereby adequately fulfilling the function for which nature in many respects has so admirably fitted him,—the function of a useful leader of men. T.

A Triumph of Cheap Postage.

Uncle Sam is doing great things for us. It is now announced that letters may be sent for two cents an ounce from the United States to any of the Chinese cities served by the United States Postal Agency at Shanghai. The list of these cities includes not only such front-row towns as Peking and Foochow, but also several cities along the Yang-tze river, up to and including Chung-king. If maps lie not, Chung-king is in the province of Sze-chuan, nearly nine hundred miles from the mouth of the Yang-tze, and much more than a thousand miles up the course of that crooked and rapid river.

Meanwhile postage to Europe continues to be five cents a half-ounce. There are many reasons for this difference. It is because the post-office is managed in the interest of the people, and because the people of the United States have so much more occasion to send letters to the inmost province of China than to the British Isles or France or Germany; because it is so much cheaper to carry mail across the Pacific than across the Atlantic, owing to the comparative width of the two oceans; because the typhoons of the China seas are so much gentler than the gales between New York and Queenstown; because the Yang-tze is so much easier to navigate than the Thames, the Seine, or the Elbe; because of America's friendliness to the Chinese as a race; because so much more of the American population lives on the coast facing China than on the coast facing Europe. Last but not least, it is because Uncle Sam is willing to give lower rates on such mail as goes all the way under his own management, and because the management of the United States post-office cannot be extended across the boundary between the United States and England or Germany without some hard scraping, while the Chinese boundary is made of such material as easily yields to such an extension.

The fact is that this nuisance of international boundaries is not the least among the minor nuisances of government. And it seems to be an inevitable one; for, ridiculous as it is, it has its good reasons. The masses prefer to be under a government of limited size, so that each man's vote may control one ten-millionth of the oppression which is exercised over him instead of one hundred-millionth, and so that the other 9,999,999 ten-millionths may be controlled by men whose interests and preferences agree with his as far as geographical neighborhood will secure this. They hope, it seems, that thereby the oppression will be milder. This hope is not altogether without foundation; for it is clear that most nations make a worse hand at governing other countries than at governing their own, bad as the latter work may be. Besides, an ambitious politician usually objects to any consolidation which would cut him off from being "first in a village rather than second at Rome." And those who seek to reform the most glaring abuses of government are largely of the opinion that the larger the thing grows, the harder it is to change it; wherefore the world nowadays looks to little countries—Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, New Zealand—as its leaders in such reforms as involve a change in the structure or fundamental habits of government. So we can hardly desire that boundaries should be abolished, or even grow fewer, while government stands; but we must deplore them. They are the excuse of tariffs, and of all that custom-house searching which is such an annoyance even when goods are duty-free. Do you know about the glass flowers at Harvard? Harvard has a set of botanical models, most delicately made in glass, that are unique; the only man who knows how to make this kind has taken such a miff at the human race that he won't make any more except to complete this set. And he lives somewhere in Europe. So he sent over the first flower of the series, which I suppose was duty-free to the museum; but the custom-house had to examine it and make sure that there were no cigars for the professors smuggled in under cover of museum goods, so they opened the box and pulled out the stuffing, whereby they tore the glass stamens and bracts and things to bits. Then Harvard rose up, and went to the caliph of the treasury department, and got an order that the rest of those flowers should come in uninspected; but this was locking the door after one horse was stolen, for I believe the self-willed maker did not reproduce that first one. Did the government pay for the damage it had done? Go and ask. A single

case like that ought to rouse such general disgust with the custom-house—not so much for the greatness of the evil done, though that is considerable, but for the wantonness of it—as would make a quick end of the institution. But compare this "ought" with what goes on, and you will reach the Egoist conclusion that "ought" means zero.

Boundaries hamper every business that has to pass the custom-house. Boundaries hinder the extension of every public service when it gets into the hands of the government, as in this case of the post-office. Boundaries exercise a sort of hypnotizing influence to check intercourse of various other kinds; as we see when churches, for instance, limit their general organizations to the jurisdiction of a certain government. Boundaries, by confining the people of a certain area largely to each other for political, commercial, and social intercourse, tend to prevent these people from becoming acquainted with others; whereby they make great mistakes in judging the course of current events. There is much significance in what W. T. Stead says, that the only two men he ever met who seemed to him to view the world as a whole were General Booth of the Salvation Army and Pope Leo. It would be absurd to expect the statesmen of a bounded government to view the world as a whole, though they have need enough of such a view; it would be absurd to expect it of the ecclesiastics of a church organized as pertaining to one country; it would be absurd to expect it of the business man to whom, on account of tariffs, "foreign" trade does not address itself half so often as "home" trade at a greater distance. If I wanted to find a man in America who viewed the world as a whole, I should try first at the International Y. M. C. A. headquarters; but I should be in great luck if I found him there.

It is a strong argument for Anarchy that, when it comes, these fences will go down. Lines of trade will be determined by the productiveness of countries and the convenience of transportation. The area covered by any agency for public service will depend on the demand for such service and on the convenience or inconvenience of bringing under a single management the business in distant places. No longer will the gauge of railroad tracks be kept different in Russia and in Germany for the avowed purpose of making it impossible to run any car or engine across the line, lest this commercial convenience should some day serve an invading army. And the people, with sight dimmed only by race prejudice, civilization prejudice, religious prejudice, language difficulties, lazy narrow-mindedness, and a few more fogs (for I hope I do not look for the millennium to be brought by the first mail of the Anarchic post-office; but the governmental boundary is a veritable headquarters at which all these other biases meet, intensify themselves and each other, and hold a strategic advantage), may try to view the world as a whole.

O nations undivided,
O single people and free,
We dreamers, we derided,
We mad blind men that see,
We bear you witness ere ye come that ye shall be.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Breakers.

Mina got up and felt her way among the yawning trunks and boxes to the window. She pressed her forehead against the pane, and gazed wearily out into the gloaming, with eyes that saw not the city's traffic. She saw the past—a dreaming child, mystified and exuberant; the delicately-poised, yet calmer, maid, conscious of destiny; at last, the woman met by shapes that she was told were Duties. Yearning and fearful, she had gathered Duty into her arms. And she had been stabbed. With bleeding heart, she fought to hold this Duty still in her arms till it should bless her—and she had grown blind and blinder. At length, out of the chaos of her early hopes, the *débris* of her young aspirations, she had risen, frigid, alone. Her vision was clear at last; but she felt she had died to life.

"Mina."

She started up. The room was dark. It was Philip groping toward her. He struck sharply against a chair, and knocked it over.

"Oh! Phil, are you hurt?" she cried, stretching out a hand to guide his steps.

"No, but why in darkness, dear?"

"I guess I fell asleep. I didn't realize it was so late. I—I have been thinking, Phil."

Philip caught the quiver in her voice.

"Yes?" he said. "There! I pretty nearly put your eye out! It's too dark to see each other, Mina. We must have a light."

"Phil! Phil! Oh, Phil! I cannot, cannot do it." She struggled from his arms. "I haven't packed a thing; the life went out of me this morning. I have felt a vise holding my heart. I cannot get away. No, Phil, don't plead, don't say anything. I am not strong enough, dear. It cannot be."

And, as if torn in two selves, Mina sank to the floor with wild sobs.

Philip's hand touched her shoulder. She shuddered, and flung his hand away, breaking out into unrestrained weeping.

"I'll not plead, Mina," he said, choking. "But tell me, when did this come over you?"

"I don't know. I don't know. It has been coming on for some time, I think. My courage is gone. They—They look askance."

"But you are going to get away from all that."

"Oh! but why can't I be happy with them all, as once I was? You know the others, I mean, Phil. My whole life has been bound up in them; they loved me once, and hung upon my lips"—

"You had broken with them before you knew me."

"Oh! yes, yes," she moaned. "I have no place anywhere—nothing has come of those years of sacrifice—nothing whatever. I might as well have not lived, for all the good it did—and at the last there was no one at all"—

Philip sighed.

"And the future that appeared—suddenly it is all black."

"You have lost yourself, Mina," said Philip; adding, after a weary pause, "Get up, dear. We must have a light, and talk this over. Has your husband seen you lately? or written? What brought all this over you?"

"The matches are on the table, Phil. Everything is in confusion. Don't kill yourself over these trunks." The gust of weeping had spent itself, and Mina got up, pushing back her heavy hair and wiping the tears from her cheeks.

The little red lamp blazed out presently, and with blurred eyes she peered over at Phil—dear old Phil. The tears streamed down again.

He saw that her spirit was crushed. But he could say nothing. He sat down at the table, waiting for her to speak again, and his head dropped into his hands. She had been tender and gay the day before, tenderly encouraging, full of plans; he had always been sensitive to her changes of mood. But he could not understand her now, and his spirit rose in revolt.

"Phil," said Mina, "we have lived here nearly three months. I have been very happy. You will believe that, won't you? and I wanted it to keep up, our happiness; I wanted it to. I was glad we were going away, to the far, far west. I—but suddenly everything has turned dark. And I don't know why. What can I do? What *can* I do? It isn't that now I want to go back to Richard. But the rest—Oh! Phil, how it must seem to you for me to speak of these things. And it isn't exactly that I can't go away from them, either. That is only a part. But ought I to, after all? I am only poor little me, and yet I am all *he* has had. And Phil, how could I make you happy always? The thought terrifies me. If ever I came to be a drag on you, Phil, I should kill myself. Our happiness has been perfect. I cannot, oh! I cannot bear that ever it should be any less. And then—yes, the scorn of the world! Could we possibly get away beyond it? Would it not creep, creep behind, come in to shrivel us, no matter how far away we fled, into what retreat we burrowed? Ah! yes, I have been very brave these past months. Living under their very noses, I have not cared what anybody said. I have been borne up by—what? What has it been? For now it is gone—gone."

Philip sat long silent. Then he raised his head and looked at her. There were traces of strife on his pale, set face. He reached across and took her hand. His own was hot and trembling.

"Listen," he said, very slowly. The lamp-light gleamed on the ruddy-brown beard that had made Mina call him "her Man of Copper." "Listen. After all you have come through, can you go back, as you think you can? A year ago you were a woman of ice, frozen and dead. Little by little your heart has opened, you have seen the life that is still ahead; hope has renewed the dreams of childhood, the faith of your youth. You have had strength to do as you have done because you have come into yourself once more. Now, if you shrink from the future, how much less can you return to the world you broke from?

"It is for you I am pleading, love. I could not hold you from your happiness. But you are driving on toward misery, Mina, and I must stand and see you perish! This is a rough world. I know it well. In one way or another, always it bruises us. You had suffered, but you scarce knew why; you had seen nothing very clearly. Now that you are just beginning to realize the hardness of life, will you wrap indifference again about you, save yourself, maybe, from many a wound, but fling away your identity? No, you cannot do that! Your self is too definite; you, a rebel, have felt your power. You would break your chains again, you know you would. You know you can do nothing to remedy the past; you know you do not believe in any miracle for the future—

"You have loved me, Mina. And I— —Is it, then, all past? No, dear, I will not wound you. You are struggling. Fight it out, love, by yourself. You have been strong and brave, and you will be still."

She lay back in her rocking-chair, pale and spent, gazing past him into vacancy. Philip kissed the hand he held in his,—a long, passionate caress. Then he dropped it, rose abruptly, and picked up the hat that he had tossed aside when he came in.

"I must go over to Thompson's to see about that expressm—er—well, I'll see later. I've got to go out now, anyway."

He stood a moment before her. His heart was seething. But he made no sign of it. Her remoteness made his brain reel, as though the framework of his world were shivering beneath his feet. A moment later the door had closed behind him.

She sat on, perfectly motionless. She would have seemed sunk in lethargy but for her wide-open eyes. Through her brain were darting fragments of thought. Crowding and jostling, they flocked through her tired head, and nothing could she make of them. Underneath ran the current, never-ending: "He thinks I am strong; I know what decision he expects—and that is why I cannot."

How long Mina's woe held her in thrall she never knew. A knocking which she had connected with her own disordered thought roused her at length to the sense that someone stood at the outer door. She sprang into the outer hall, and, fumbling in the darkness at the latch, pulled open the door. A tall, slight man was moving from the sill, as though, in despair of being heard, he was making off again. Something in the figure seemed familiar.

"Good evening," she said, "I did not hear"—and then she saw it was her husband. "You!" she exclaimed.

He had been merged in her thoughts recently, but at sight of him her whole frame stiffened, and involuntarily she shrunk back into the shadows.

They stood presently facing each other in the sitting-room. The fever, ebbing from her brain, had billowed into her heart that with heavy throbs shook her till she must needs press her hand upon her breast. Intensely, keenly conscious, she waited.

Her husband had come to take her home. He was ready to forgive everything. He spoke quietly, betraying no emotion. She knew what it cost him. He was not wont so to school himself. Coolly indifferent, freely jibing, or with violent lurch away,—she had known him better so than in this guise of patient entreaty.

And she, though cold and passive-seeming as of yore, was straining her every faculty.

He was subtly aware of her searching gaze, but went on quietly.

They could move to another town, if she wished it. He would do everything to hush up the scandal—

A spark flashed from her eyes. Yet she did not speak. The motive—yes, that is it—what is the motive?

At length her silence wrung it from his lips. Flinging down his calmness as a mask, with knitted brow and clenched hands,

"I love you!" he cried.

Her arm dropped listless to her side; her head sank slowly upon her breast. Again the fragments of thought trooped through her brain, but now she was marshalling them.

An acute man, and embittered—once she had believed, and he, too, perhaps, that her young, vigorous optimism would energize into fruitfulness the latent forces of his mind. But that had never come to pass; the soil had remained unproductive, forbidding. Moreover, from the first, a sinister repulsion had driven them apart. He had been the first to accept the fact; nevertheless, it had embittered him the more. She became the butt of his merciless satire. And love! But there had been none!

What had kept her to him through those years? She hardly knew. The prick of conscious duty—yes; but was it not as true that apathy had grown upon her because no paths led out? More to herself than to him she spoke the words that summed her thought.

"Ah! yes, I see how it is, you are but tantalized. Bereft of the long-despised target, you call your need—love!"

She mused a moment longer, the cloud of reflection yet upon her features. But she was speaking again before he could reply.

"We are all blind gropers after happiness. And yours, Richard, would seem to lie in the torment you could derive from pricking my indifference. Happiness! Is it not always so? always a stab when we clutch at it? More than the need of happiness, aye, even the happiness of self-sacrifice, I feel the need of rushing on to my fate. Do you see these preparations for a journey? I am going away, with *him*. I was faltering before you came; I admit it. Something confused me. But I am quite clear-headed now. Your look is threatening, but I do not fear you, Richard, nor what I see you may do. I fear nothing when I see my path. Yes, I make my dash into the breakers!"

Her whole face lighted with a radiance unknown to him. Nor had it faded when he was gone.

HELEN TUFTS.

The Folly of "Saving the State."

[H. G. Wells.]

However convenient an institution may be, however much it may, in the twaddle of the time, be a "natural growth," and however much the product of a long "evolution," yet, if it does not mold men into fine and vigorous forms, it has to be destroyed. We "save the State" for the sake of our children; . . . . and, in our intentness to save the State, we injure or sacrifice our children,—we destroy our ultimate for our proximate aim.

How Well Life and Liberty Agree!

Liberty, July.

The theory of these publicists may be stated as follows: if you wish to be king yourself, or wish some friend of yours to be king, it is not a very grave offence to kill the king that you have, but, if you do not wish to be king yourself, and do not wish to make anybody else king, then it is the most atrocious of all crimes to kill the king that you have.

Life, Aug. 13.

Where persons kill a king for the good of humanity, that is assassination, whether the killing is aught to the purpose or not. But where persons kill a king to get his job, and get it, that is a Goody Taw.

An Anarchist Classic.

ON THE

Duty of Civil Disobedience.

By

HENRY D. THOREAU.

Price, Ten Cents.

Mailed, post-paid, by

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City.

A Chambermaid's Diary.

By OCTAVE MIRBEAU.

Translated from the French by BENJ. R. TUCKER.

A French chambermaid, who has served in the houses of the nobility, of professional people, and of the *bourgeoisie*, secures a position in a country-house, and there begins the keeping of her diary. In describing her daily experiences and the people about her, she is often reminded of episodes in her past, and thus, by frequent digressions, reviews her entire career. She mercilessly tears away the veils that conceal all sorts of crimes, foibles, prejudices, and fads in the various strata of society, so that her recital becomes a terrific social exposure, a grim social satire, crammed with humor, bitterness, and truth.

The author describes his book as filled with "the sadness that makes lofty souls laugh, the comicality that makes them weep."

A French critic declares that "the purpose of the work seems to be to show that nearly all the masters are low-lived wretches, and that nearly all the servants are as near like them as they know how to be."

The French original, published in August, 1900, has already reached its 130th edition.

A handsomely-printed volume of 460 pages.

Cloth, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.

Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publisher:

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City.

LIBERTY'S LIBRARY.

For any of the following Works, address,
Benj. R. Tucker, Box 1312, New York.

GOD AND THE STATE. "One of the most eloquent pleas for liberty ever written. Paine's 'Age of Reason' and 'Rights of Man' consolidated and improved. It stirs the pulse like a trumpet call." By Michael Bakounine. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. 52 pages. Price, 15 cents.

FREE POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS: Their Nature, Essence, and Maintenance. An abridgment and rearrangement of Lysander Spooner's "Trial by Jury." Edited by Victor Yarros. 47 pages. Price, 25 cents.

A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN. Being a protest against government of man by man. By Auberon Herbert. Price, 10 cents.

SOCIALISTIC, COMMUNISTIC, MUTUALISTIC, and Financial Fragments. By William B. Greene. Price, $1.25.

THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE LAWS of Congress Prohibiting Private Mails. By Lysander Spooner. 24 pages. Price, 10 cents.

NO TREASON.—No. II. By Lysander Spooner. 16 pages. Price, 15 cents.

NO TREASON.—No. VI. Showing that the constitution is of no authority. By Lysander Spooner. 59 pages. Price, 25 cents.

THE BALLOT. By William Walstein Gordak. A short poem illustrating the absurdity of majority rule. An excellent leaflet for propagandism. 100 copies, 10 cents.

THE ANARCHISTS: A Picture of Civilization at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. A poet's prose contribution to the literature of egoistic Anarchism. The author traces his own mental development in London amid the exciting events of 1887,—the manifestations of the unemployed, the rioting at Trafalgar square, and the executions at Chicago. The antagonism between Communism and Anarchism sharply brought out. By John Henry Mackay. Translated from the German by George Schumm. 315 pages, with portrait of the author. Price, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

THE ATTITUDE OF ANARCHISM

TOWARD

INDUSTRIAL COMBINATIONS.

BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

An address delivered in Central Music Hall, Chicago, on September 14, 1899, before the Conference on Trusts held under the auspices of the Civic Federation.

Price, Five Cents; 100 Copies, $3.00.

Mailed, post-paid, by the Publisher,

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City.

"Read the vital words of this woman."
—The Conservator.

WHITMAN'S IDEAL DEMOCRACY, AND OTHER WRITINGS.

BY

HELENA BORN.

These essays treat not alone of the poets of revolt, but discuss, from the Anarchist point of view, economic questions of the day, such as the ethics of strikes and labor unions, individualism and organization, marriage and sex problems.

"A radical individualist."—*Chicago Evening Post.*
"In these essays one comes in touch with a rare spirit."—*Boston Herald.*"
"Fine examples of serious writing."—*The Socialist Spirit.*

A simple volume, beautifully printed.
Sq. 12mo, boards, $1.00.

Copies for sale by

HELEN TUFTS, 4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

What is Anarchism?

An explanation by Stephen T. Byington. 5 copies for 2 cents, 50 for 10 cents, 150 for 25 cents, 750 for $1. Postage paid. Address S. T. Byington, 70 Otis St., East Cambridge, Mass.

LANGUAGES

Printing Company

114 FIFTH AV., NEW YORK

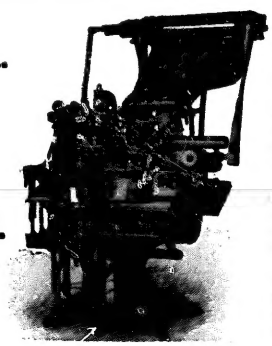
Telephone, 6188 18th Street

Quality
Quantity
Promptness
Speed

French
German
Spanish
Italian

Books
Magazines
Directories
Catalogs

Greek
Latin
Hebrew
Russian



Jobs from One Slug to Millions

Special Delivery throughout New York

Portuguese
Swedish
Hungarian
Polish

Translating
Editing
Plates
Presswork

LINOTYPE & HAND COMPOSITION

Scientific and Technical Works
Examination Papers
Grammars, Dictionaries

A NEW SYSTEM OF BOOKS

The Ideophonic Texts
for
Acquiring Languages

Edited by

ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

The Ideophonic Texts are designed to furnish abundant material for forming those myriad associations of mental and organic processes which constitute the acquisition of languages. The *ideas* are presented by means of the native language of the student, and the *sounds* of the foreign language by means of the Universal Alphabet of the International Phonetic Association, as shown in the reduced facsimiles below.

German Texts for English Readers

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 1. Four parallel texts, as shown in the following reduced facsimile of two facing pages. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl** Professor of English Philology and General Linguistics in the University of Michigan. 26 + 239 octavo pages. Cloth. $1.00 postpaid to any part of the world.

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 2. Same arrangement as that of Act 1. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. *(Partly prepared.)*

French Texts for English Readers

LUDOVIC HALÉVY'S L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN Part 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those shown above. Editorial Critic: **Paul Passy** Editor of "Le Maître Phonétique." Cloth. $1.00. *(Preparation arranged for.)*

Greek Texts for English Readers

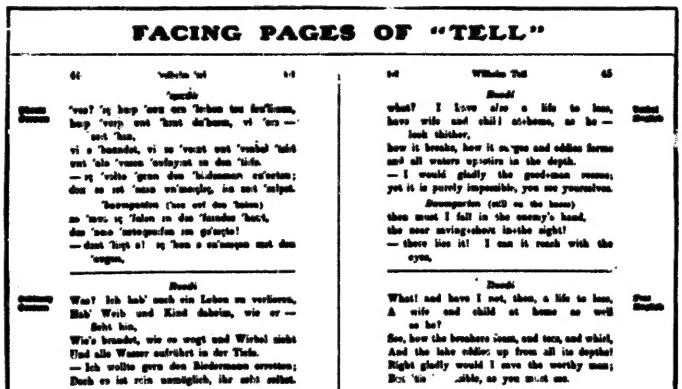
XENOPHON'S ANABASIS Book 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those mentioned above. In the phonic text the attempt is made to represent the actual Athenian pronunciation of the time of Xenophon. Consulting Editor: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. *(Partly prepared.)*

The issuance of the three volumes last mentioned will depend somewhat on the number of the advance orders received for them. Other Series are contemplated, as of Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Latin, Russian, Sanskrit, and Spanish Texts for English Readers; as well as Series for other than English readers, as French Texts for German Readers and English Texts for French Readers.

John Locke:
"And to make the reading and understanding of it the less tedious and difficult to him, let him help himself if he please with the English Translation. Nor let the Objection that he will then know it only by rote, fright any one. This, when well consider'd, is not of any Moment against, but plainly for this Way of learning a Language. For Languages are only to be learned by rote."

Edmond Demolins:
"In short, the only practical and rapid way of learning a language is to store in the memory as many words and phrases as possible. By the time a pupil has read and understood — which is easy with a translation — twelve or fifteen volumes of Latin, he knows Latin."

FACING PAGES OF "TELL"



Henry Sweet:
"Phonetics is almost as old as civilization itself... It is the unphonetic, not the phonetic methods that are an innovation."

Paul Passy:
"I was disagreeably surprised to observe that in American schools, as almost everywhere in France, they make use, from the very start, of the German characters, so embarrassing to beginners, and which there is every advantage in not taking up till later on."

Benjamin Ide Wheeler:
"Words are not words without context, motive, and life."

For WHAT
Remarkable

For Its Fundamental Principle
that languages are to be learned quite as much by Practice as by Theory: that *ideas* and *sounds*, to become sufficiently *associated* in the mind, must actually be *present* in the mind — in the right combinations — *over*, and *over*, and *over again*.

For Its System of Phonic Notation,
the Universal Alphabet of "*Le Maître Phonétique*," a journal circulated in 35 different countries. This alphabet has already been applied to about 200 languages and dialects, and bids fair to come into world-wide popular use. *After one language has been learned by it, other languages are much easier to learn.*

For Its Four Parallel Texts
always in sight, three of them corresponding, *line for line*, and *word for word*: thus securing *perfect ease of reference*. Each text is, however, *distinct* from the others: thus enabling the student to pin his attention exclusively and continuously on any one of them he may choose.

For Its Phonic German Text
giving the *exact pronunciation and stress* of each word as spoken *in the particular context in which it occurs*. Pronunciations as commonly given in text-books, grammars and dictionaries, are not only few in number and inexact, but arbitrary: *fitted to no particular context*.

For Its Ordinary German Text
corresponding *line for line* and *word for word* with the phonic German text, and printed in large, clear roman type.

For Its Verbal English Text,
a word-for-word rendering, corresponding *line for line* with the ordinary German and phonic German texts: enabling the student or instructor to find at a glance *the literal meaning of each word in the particular context in which it occurs*.

For Its Free English Text
giving *the general idea and spirit* of the German, and often a literal rendering of the lines.

The Study of Modern Languages in Boston, Mass.

(From *Le Maître Phonétique* for March, 1901)

The publication of the Ideophonic Texts for Acquiring Languages . . . shows a zeal at once rare and determined in the teaching of languages by the phonetic method. On the two facing pages appear four parallel texts of the subject-matter: a phonic foreign text, an ordinary foreign text, a word-for-word rendering of the text, and a free rendering of the text. The sounds of any language are taught by means of the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association. Students of phonetic systems are to be congratulated that the editor has not followed the usual custom of inventing a new system which they have to practice on before really starting in.

October, 1900 JAMES GEDDES, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET

In this table, the letters representing the *voiceless* sounds, that is, the sounds produced without vibration of the vocal cords, are *enclosed in curves* ( ).

ORGANS	Lips	Gums	Palate	Veil	Uvula	Throat
Wholly closed, then opened	b(p)	d(t)	ɟ(c)	g(k) ɢ(q)		(ʔ)
Nose passage open	m(m̥)	n(n̥)	ɲ(ɲ̊)	ŋ(ŋ̊)		
Open at sides (of tongue) only		l(l̥)	ʎ(ʎ̊)	ʟ(l̥)		
Trilled		r(r̥)			ʀ(ʀ̥)	ʢ
So close as to produce friction	v(f) ʋ(f)	z(s) ʒ(ʃ) ð(θ) ɹ(ɻ)		ʁ(χ)		ɦ(h) (ḥ)
	Rounded		ɥ(ɧ)	ʍ(ʍ)		
			ʝ(ç)	ɣ(x)		
Very close	Rounded		y ʉ u			
			i ɨ ɯ			
Close	Rounded		ʏ ʊ			
			ɪ ʊ̈			
Half close	Rounded		ø ɵ o			
			e ə ɤ			
Half open	Rounded		œ ɜ ɔ			
			ɛ ɐ ʌ			
Open			æ ɑ			
Very open			a ɑ			

! denotes that the *preceding* sound is relatively *long*
' denotes that the sounds just *after* it are relatively *loud*.
" denotes that the sound under it is *nasal*, or produced with the passage from throat to nose open.

[ ] denote that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *high*.
[ ] denote that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *low*.
/ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *rises*.
\ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *falls*.

For WHOM
Designed

For All Students of German,
whether having private or class instruction, or studying by themselves only, who wish to *start right*, not start wrong, to be *continuously helped and corrected*, not continuously hindered and led astray, to proceed *rapidly*, not at a snail's pace, and to try the theory that *practice makes perfect*.

For All Teachers of German
(*whether teaching "Tell" or not*) who know that German can be acquired only by covering *an enormous amount of ground*; and who know, therefore, that their duty is to furnish their pupils with the most refined and powerful instruments for self-instruction which can be obtained. If not adopted as a regular text-book, this volume may be used as a *supplementary* text.

For All Students whose Pronunciation is Bad:
and the pronunciation of English-speaking students *is apt to be very bad*.

For All Teachers who are Uncertain as to Pronunciation
or rendering, or who have a local or imperfect pronunciation, and *who want standard guides*, such as the phonic text and the word-for-word rendering *for their own use* at home or in the class.

For All Students who Read Aloud:
and should students not read aloud more or less: in class and out?

For All Teachers of German Phonology
who now confine their teaching to mere elementary theory, for lack of *accurate and practical texts* on which to set students to work finding things out for themselves.

For All Students of General Phonetics and Philology,
who are interested in the structure of the German language.

HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers
31-33-35 West Fifteenth Street, New York, U.S.A.